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TEMPTATIONS.

NATURE," says Bacon, "will be buried a great while, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation; as it was with *Æsop's* damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board, till a mouse ran before her."

To speak less generally and metaphorically,—All powers and tendencies of human nature exist in men, and, in all, are ever ready to be called into play. Different, however, in their degrees of native strength, they are apt to be additionally different, in consequence of the greater or less degree of exercise to which they may have been called. Thus, the character of every one is the result of two causes, original nature and subsequent circumstances. In some instances, great native powers and tendencies have been so far abstracted from the circumstances which are apt to call them into energy, that they are scarcely ever awake; in others, native powers and tendencies, originally weak, may have been so much exposed to the influence of the relative circumstances, as to have acquired great strength. In biography, we often do find instances of great intellectual powers, ultimately exercised with the highest applause in mankind, which were allowed to slumber, unknown to the possessor, till accident betrayed their presence, and brought them into vigorous action! In many cases, an accident will not take place, and hence the many noble inglorious Miltons," whom the poet not more modestly than truly supposes to exist in rural retirement;—hence, in all times, and in all places, much intellectual power of all kinds must be in a condition of dormant dormancy, of sleep never to be broken, so that it is entirely lost to itself and to the world. In like manner, much high moral endowment, like the music of an untouched instrument, remains dormant in the human mind. The circumstances in which many men of many large communities live, are not favourable for calling forth or maintaining in exercise the nobler gifts of man's nature. What the thirst of power was to the ancients, the thirst of gain is to the moderns; and there is not yet any example of a people who habitually act under the influence of the more noble motives which Christianity, and mere human reason, have alike placed above all others. Yet, however lost to sight these better feelings may be, they are not only. The colliers around Bristol had been long ages as a race of benighted and profligate beings, till George Whitfield gathered them one day under a tree, and, touching their hardened natures with the rod of his wonderful eloquence, brought the sense of feeling into every eye. When we reflect on this, and many like cases of moral awakening, we arrive at the conclusion, that many men go to the grave with all the finer sentiments of their nature undeveloped; that whole nations live and die with hardly the least consciousness of those parts of their mental constitution; and that but a small portion of what is good in mankind has ever yet been, in any age, or in any place, manifested.

Perpetual sleep may in like manner seal up those nobler gifts of man's nature which are most apt to lead into wickedness and error. Even strong natural tendencies and impulses of this kind, may, by abstraction from their relative objects, or by the powerful rule of superior sentiments, be kept so still, that they will scarcely seem to exist. The scriptural story of Hagar is an ever memorable example of a nature which, in ordinary circumstances, was shocked at the very mention of cruelty, and yet, when placed in despotism, manifested all the odious features of the oppressor and tyrant. The character of Socrates, according to his own confession, was an example of a mind natu-

rally addicted to the more violent passions, but subdued and sweetened by the influence of philosophy. One of the most eloquent of modern moralists fully sanctions this view of the human mind:—"Vice," says he, "already formed, is almost beyond our power. It is only in the state of *latent propensity* that we can with reason expect to overcome it, by the moral motives which we are capable of presenting; and to distinguish this propensity before it has expanded itself, and even before it is known to the very mind in which it exists—to tame those passions which are never to rage, and to prepare at a distance the virtues of other years—implies a knowledge of the mental constitution, which can be acquired only by a diligent study of the nature, progress, and successive transformations of feeling." When Seneca says that virtue requires a tutor and a guide, but vices are learned without a master, he does not speak quite philosophically. Good and evil tendencies are alike ready to be called into action by the presence of the appropriate circumstances and objects, and to be repressed and laid to sleep by their absence. It only happens, that, in the infancy of the world, and before social regulations are perfected, the existing circumstances are most apt to awaken and give habitual vigour to the less virtuous emotions.

What is familiarly called a temptation, is simply the occurrence of a circumstance, or the being thrown into a situation, capable of prompting to abuse, or stimulating into excess, some of those portions of the human character which had heretofore been either in the condition of slumber, or restrained to a moderate action. A temptation to vice is exactly analogous to a well-directed lesson of virtue, or the presentation, in the midst of a vicious career, of a motive towards a contrary course. The success of the temptation will be in the proportion of the natural power of the tendency, the activity it may have acquired from frequent indulgence, and the power of virtuous precepts, habits, dispositions, and hopes, acting to a contrary purpose. If the innate tendency be in itself weak, or if long inaction have enfeebled it, or if the counteractive forces be in great natural or acquired strength, a comparatively strong temptation will be resisted. If, on the contrary, the tendency have been kept in a state of activity, and the strength of habit has been at length added to its original power; while the counteractive forces possess neither natural nor acquired strength; the temptation will be, in all probability, yielded to. A long course of temptation will also be of as great avail with a mind naturally and habitually good, as a short course of temptation with one whose predominant inclinations are towards evil.

The first and most important question which arises from this view of the nature of temptation, is—How are we to render temptation of the least possible avail with ourselves, and those in whom we are interested? Certainly, in the very first place, it is desirable that we should be abstracted from it as much as possible. Human nature is frail to a proverb; in other words, there are dispositions in all minds which exposure to the appropriate circumstances is apt to call into play, and for the control of which all better tendencies and principles are apt to prove insufficient. Let us beware, then, how we subject ourselves or any fellow-creature, to temptations. There is a prevalent maxim, that isolation from the ordinary sins of the world is apt to leave an individual unguarded, and to make him more liable to err when the hour of temptation arrives. But those who think so, would do well to temper their adage with the reflection, that there is also great dan-

ger in any thing like a familiarity with vice, and in the acquirement of vicious habits. The inexperienced may be acquainted with the nature of error, and warned against it; while they are scrupulously kept apart from its contaminating influence. The primal bloom of natural goodness is a possession too precious to be thrown away even on the hope of acquiring a disgust at vice.

As a second means—Since all possible care will not insure any one against the occurrence of circumstances and situations in which temptation will present itself, let all available counteractive forces be called into play. Whatever is righteous, and pure, and good, let it be instilled into all minds preceptively. Let the understanding be opened to a full perception of the blessings which attend upon a perseverance in well-doing, and the curse which awaits every lapse into error. Let the influence of a good example from those who are strong, shine before those who are in the course of being strengthened; and, finally, let every good disposition be nourished by exercise into the utmost degree of vigour. Thus, when the hour of temptation arrives, it is to be hoped that there will be sufficient strength to resist and to repel it.

A consideration of the accidental nature of the circumstances in which most men live, and of the defectiveness of all existing means for preparing them for the resistance of temptation, should operate in rational minds as a counsel pleading for light judgment on many of the errors which those circumstances produce. We may feel that we ourselves, if exposed to like temptation, would have been able to resist it; but we should consider that our minds may fortunately possess more of the qualities most likely to support us against such temptation, and that, though able to resist this particular one, there may be some other which in all likelihood would have overcome us, while it would have glanced aside from the shield of the offender in question. Do we see reason to chide some breach of veracity or of strict honour in a fellow-creature, let us reflect, that, though we should have been adamant on those points, we might, under the like pressure of temptation, have been cruel in the enforcement of some right, or vengeful in resenting some real or fancied wrong—there may be a thousand other temptations to which we should have yielded, while our circumstances are such as to have rendered temptation on this particular point almost impossible. The errors of our fellow-creatures are too merely matter of censure to us. It would be at once more philosophical and more humane to regard them as misfortunes on their part, which our benevolence should deplore.

Yet, while this should be the light in which we regard the errors of others, we should never allow ourselves to suppose that our own offences are light, because our fellow-creatures have no right to visit them with heavy censure. Nor are we to be always reckoning up the circumstances in which we act, and the amount of our innate impulses, in order to find excuses for our errors. He who does so will scarcely fail to advance in the career of vice, until all self-restraint is lost, and the patience of society is exhausted. Neither, accidental as may be the situations and occurrences which produce temptation, are we to flatter ourselves with the supposition that others, similarly tempted, would also fall. As proper were it for a battalion peculiarly exposed to the fire of the enemy, to run away from the field of conflict, on the supposition that their less exposed neighbours would have done the same, if they had been placed in the same circumstances. In the great battle of life, all must be prepared for its well-known contingencies, so that no peculiarity in the individual lot of any may take him

• Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, by the late Dr Thomas Brown. Lecture Third.

by surprise. And it should likewise, and above all things, be ever present before us, that temptation is the true touchstone of all moral power; and that, though we may well wish never to be subjected to its magic influence, it is only when we have been subjected to it, and have resisted it, that we can truly believe in our own virtue.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH RURAL COURTSHIP.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come-na unless the back-yet be a-lee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye werena comin' to me.—BURNS.

In no country whatever is the great and engrossing business of courtship conducted in so romantic a manner as among the rural people of Scotland. Excepting among the higher classes, who have time entirely at their own disposal, night is the season in which "lovers breathe their vows," and in which their sweethearts "hear them." Let the night be "ne'er so wild," and the swain "ne'er so weary," if he has an engagement upon his hands, he will perform it at all hazards; he will climb mountains, leap burns, or wade rivers, not only with indifference, but with enthusiasm; and, wrapt in his plaid, he will set at naught the fury of the elements or the wrath of rivals. The poetry of our bards is full of allusions to this custom of immemorial origin. Burns, in particular, has delighted to sing of the meetings of wooers and wooed at the "gloaming," or twilight, and the season of darker night. His song of "The Lea-Rig" will readily recur to recollection:—

Although the night were ne'er so wet,
And I were ne'er so weary, O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

And, also, his fully more tender strains of "My Nanny, O":

But I'll tak my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nanny, O.

I have known several instances of young men, who toiled all day at the plough, the harrows, the scythes, &c., walking fifteen miles to see their sweethearts, after the hour of nine in the evening, and returning in time for their work on the ensuing morn; and this, be it observed, was not done once or twice, but repeatedly—week after week, for several months. Twenty miles of a journey, upon an errand of such a nature, is regarded as a trifle by many a young farmer who has a spare horse to carry him.

During these stolen interviews, if a mutual attachment subsists between the parties, another signification is always made; and never was oath more religiously kept than in this simple compact, ratified by no other ceremony than a parting kiss, or a tender shake of the hand. Time appears to have leaden wings with both, until the hour of meeting again arrives; when the swain sets out anew with alacrity, be it rain, sleet, snow, murky or moonlight. His fair one, true to her trust, has by this time eluded the vigilance of father and mother, of maid or man-servant, and has noiselessly lifted the latch, undrawn the door-bar, or escaped by the window, and awaits him, with fond impatience, at the favourite spot which they have consecrated to their love. He joyfully beholds her in the distance as he approaches, gliding like an apparition from the house, and sauntering about until his arrival; and she, not less attentive to every thing that is stirring, perceives him like a shadow amid the distant dimness, watches him as his figure becomes more distinct, recognises his gait, his air, his every peculiarity, and at last, on the strength of her conviction, runs to throw herself into his arms, and bid him welcome.

In this way courtships are so secretly conducted, that it is frequently never known, excepting among the near friends of the respective parties, that a couple are more than casually acquainted, until the precursor, from his seat upon Sunday, publishes the banns of their marriage. People are extremely fond of discussing topics of that nature—of scrupulously weighing the merits of each party in the balance; of dropping oblique hints, and sly insinuations, and of prying, with impudent curiosity, into motives and conduct—some of them for the sake of indulging an envious or malevolent disposition, and others from a hope of discovering some flaw or failing which may keep their own in countenance, and save them from the appearance of singularity. For this reason, it is always deemed a most fortunate and happy event, should two lovers manage to bring matters to a crisis before the public ears have begun to tingle with a report of their intentions. Then it is only a sudden buzz, which gradually dies from the moment of their marriage, and they are left, with characters unaltered, to pursue their matrimonial course in tranquillity.

But perhaps the fair one's charms have been so powerful as to draw around her a crowd of admirers; and in that case, neither the courtship nor the marriage can be accomplished in a corner. The favoured suitor has almost on every occasion to make his way, either by force or by dint of stratagem, to the door, the window, or whatever place he and his love have appointed as the scene of their meeting. Here, pestered by crowds of others (who, though void of hope, still continue to prattle about for the purpose of molesting the more fortunate), can rarely escape from the house, or admit her lover into it, without being seen, and teased with importunities, or taunted with the name of him upon whom she hath set her heart. In this way,

some of the most wonderful hits and misses, escapes and seizures, take place at times, that ever were known in the art of manœuvring; and the intuitive quickness with which she can distinguish the true from the false voice among many that whisper at her window in the course of an evening, almost exceeds credibility.

Such, in nineteen instances out of twenty, is the mode of courtship among the country people in Scotland; and a practice which would be considered monstrous and most improper in town life, is, in the rural districts of the country, a matter of an ordinary and innocent nature.

The following story, founded on fact, is characteristic of this night-wandering spirit among our countrymen:—

In a purely pastoral district of Dumfriesshire, there lived, about ten years ago, a young shepherd, whom, for the sake of particularity, I shall call Robert Thomson. His father rented one of the large sheep farms into which that part of the country is divided, and his son was entrusted with the "looking of the hill," and the care of his several shepherds.

Robert was young, and from the age of seventeen his time had passed joyfully along, under the influence of a first love. The object of his attachment was half a year younger than himself, and a truly beautiful creature. No fabled Sylvia or Delia ever had any right to compare with her for sweetness of temper, a handsome form, dark locks, and darker eyes, and a face which made every other maiden envious who beheld it. Her name also was a sweet one; at least to a Scottish ear—Agnes Hawthorn. She lived at a distance of four miles into what may be called the interior of the pastoral district, where her father rented also a large sheep farm, bounded on the one side by that of Mr Thomson. Houses are always thinly scattered in a country of that description, but those of farmers in particular; and with the exception of one that intervened about midway betwixt them, Mr Hawthorn and Mr Thomson were nearest neighbours to each other. Two high mountains, with a deep valley between, reared themselves in opposition to Robert's nightly visits to his fair one; but he was an adept in the art of surmounting such obstacles, and, aware of the endearments that awaited him beyond them, he valued not the mosses, the streams, or the rocks, that lay in his path, or whether the night was a clear or a gloomy one.

No place can be desert where a beautiful woman resides; and upon this principle, though the houses around the dwelling of Agnes Hawthorn were "few and far between," hardly a night passed over her head on which her dwelling was not beleaguered by a host of wooers. But Robert Thomson was the "apple of her eye." To him alone she would withdraw the curtain of the window, to whisper that her parents were not sleeping sound enough to permit her to unbear the door, or to ask him if no other youth was lurking near, who might discover her exit from, or her entrance into, the house. This was a most necessary precaution, and one which Robert never failed to use upon every visit—always encompassing the house once or twice before he approached the window, and never patting upon the glass until he had satisfied himself that no human eye was privy to his movements. But men see not, like cats or owls, in the dark; and Robert, with all his vigilance, was one evening so unfortunate as to be discovered by a party of three other shepherds, who, though all come a-wooing for their "ain haul," had clubbed together for the purpose of watching, when they found their several efforts to gain admittance, or even an answer to their entreaties, in vain.

A peat stack, as is common in such places, was built against one of the gables of the house; and upon a dais of it, which was brought a good way down by frequent subtractions for the fire, the watchful tripartite slyly perched themselves. The colour of the peats and of their clothes happened to be so similar, that discovery was almost impossible, and there had they the pleasure, or rather the mortification, of seeing their successful rival in a short while make his appearance, and, after completing his customary search, gain admittance at the door. They had no certain knowledge, however, of the person whom they had seen, for a plaid totally concealed him from the crown of the head to the knees. But whosoever he might be, they were resolved for once to turn the sweets of his courtship into bitterness.

No sooner had the door been cautiously closed, and all within sunk into perfect stillness, than the whole three, with a heavy tramp, advanced to the window, and wetting the tips of their fingers, and rubbing them repeatedly along the glass, kept up a squeaking noise, so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance. The lovers were by this time seated at the parlour table, with a candle burning before them. A large oaken press, displaying on its front the rude carving of former times, stood behind them in a corner, from which the young and innocent Agnes had taken, in the open simplicity of her affection, a new silk handkerchief on which, with nice art, she had sewed the name of her Robert; and this she had just presented to him, and breathed a wish that he would wear it for her sake. Robert had pressed the sweet lips by which the wish was uttered, and was cradling her head upon his breast, and vowing how much, for her sake, he valued the present, when the sound of the spies without interrupted him. "Do you hear that?" said Agnes, starting. "Can it be the tread of men, or do you think it is some of the cattle that lie without?"

"I saw nobody when I came in. It must be some of the cattle." The loud squeaking upon the glass of the window instantly resolved their doubts. "You have been observed," said Agnes, alarmed; "some men were here before you came, and tapped long at the window without my answering them; and they have no doubt been watching, and now mean to be revenged."

"It can only be me that they wish to molest," replied Robert with an encouraging smile; "and," added he, rising and casting his plaid over the left shoulder, and knotting it beneath his right arm, "if I can only get out to the best, they'll be fatter than any person I have yet seen, if they catch me."

"Stay," said Agnes, clinging to his arm; "they may cause a stone, or perhaps a shot, to overtake you, if their feet fall them in the chase. And who knows but they

may be ready at the door to seize you, the moment you opened?"

"But then your father and mother will be awakened, and I would rather run the greatest risk without, than be taken by them within."

"I have many a bye corner where I can hide you, all danger is past. Do stay, I beseech you!"

"No, no. The consequences to you might be more than you are aware of, and I will never seek my safety at the hazard of yours. I will make my escape, spite of them."

Agnes had no time to reply, for the noise which fellows were now making without, had already caused a stir in the bed-chamber of her father and mother. "What's a' this din about?" had been twice demanded in a half-sleeping tone by Mr Hawthorn, and Mrs Hawthorn was heard to be out of bed, and rummaging in search of a candle. Robert pressed the hand of Agnes in silence, and, snatching his thick hawl, proceeded to the door, which he quietly and noiselessly opened, and was out upon the hill-side in an instant. The three spies, who expected no such thing, and who were congregated around the window at a short distance from the door, stood for a moment gazing upon one another in astonishment, before they recovered presence of mind to start in pursuit. "He's out! he's out!" their first exclamation; when away they darted, each casting over his shoulder the end of his plaid, and holding his cudgel horizontally by the middle of a right hand. A low hill, with a gentle acclivity, lay between the house of Mr Hawthorn, over which was the way that Robert every night trod to visit his daughter, and in this direction he now led out his pursuers in way homewards. He had gained about twenty paces first starting, and it was evident, as he ascended the hill, that he was capable of still increasing the distance.

With what joy did Agnes behold him, as she stood trembling in the threshold of the door, stretching out like a deer before his pursuers, and setting their eyes on him as on a quarry. The house looked towards the south; the moon had about an hour previous risen on a site to where Agnes was standing, and by her pale disc she light the anxious maiden was enabled to mark, with considerable precision, the motions and progress of her lover, and of those who followed him. But as they neared the summit of the hill which formed her horizon, the distance of the whole became more indistinct, and their respective distances less discernible. The hill was level for a breadth on the top; and as Robert, from the moment his setting foot upon the edge of this table-land, appeared at a distance to be standing while passing over it, he beheld with inexpressible anguish the forms of his foes emerging in the weather-gleam, and apparently approaching him, until at last the whole group melted into like apparitions beyond the horizon.

"He's caught! he's murdered!" was her first exclamation, as she sprang from the door, and ran with conscious speed towards the summit of the hill. Her parents were by this time a-foot, with two shepherds and a female servant, who rushed out also on hearing the wild cry of Agnes, whom they fancied to have been bed. But their surprise, and the bewilderment of mind which people feel on being suddenly roused from profound slumber, prevented them from perceiving the course which the hapless girl had taken, until distance rendered invisible. Then a sad and unavailing search through the surrounding premises, was all they could resolve upon.

Agnes, in the meantime, had run, or rather flown, the opposite side of the hill, at the foot of which lay a deep linn, with a burn leaping along its rocky base at a depth of many fathoms from the edge of the precipices that on either side overhung it. The water murmuring solemnly through the stillness of the night, the low breeze was sighing plaintively among the birch and rowan-trees, that waved like specters beneath the moon-beams over the hideous chasm which their foliage partly concealed; and as, on reaching the summit, mortal was visible to the eye of Agnes, the impression of the scene hushed at once the tumult of her feelings, and awakened her to a sense of her lonely situation. Her limbs, which but a little before seemed possessed of more than human swiftness, now felt the palsy of exhaustion; their late efforts, and her spirit, subdued by apprehensions for her lover's fate, and by the awe which crept upon her in the midst of her solitude, completely annihilated her energy. She faintly and sunk upon the hill side, where nearly half an hour passed over her before resolutely returned.

"I will search for him in the linn," were the first words she uttered to herself, as she rose from the spot on which she had fallen, and proceeded feebly to execute her purpose. "Surely," said she in a half audible voice, as she descended to the bottom of the chasm by a steep and difficult path which she had chanced to discover, "surely nothing uncouthly will harm me in this place, since spirits know the errand on which I am sent."

"Nor nothing human either, my dear girl!" said a person at her side in a low voice, who rose up from a crouching position, and caught her in his arms. Agnes shrieked, but the sound was inaudible; for the unknown, anticipating such a result, had thrown a fold of his plaid over her mouth. "For the love of heaven, my dear girl, be silent!" said the stranger, whispering in her ear, "folding her in a still closer embrace; 'do you not know your Robert? I thought my whispering had been so familiar to you. But how, in the name of wonder, do you come here?' This was a question which Agnes, in her incapacity to answer, for this discovery had wrought upon her feelings, that for a long time she utterly speechless upon his breast. At length she covered so far as to be able to articulate, 'I came to search for you. Oh, let us leave this, and return home! I am dying with fatigue and terror.'

"We will, shortly, but we are watched at present, and how you have got in here unnoticed, is perfectly miraculous. Do you perceive the point of that rock opposite, which almost overhangs us here on this side the burn?" "I do," was the reply. "Well," continued Robert, "one of the fellows is perched there, to see me, if possible, within the linn, for they saw me enter

and seem to be perfectly aware that I am at no great distance. The other two are stationed above us on this shore, and unless we can find some way of getting out, we are assuredly to be taken. We are safe enough so long as we remain here, however, for they know what advantage I have over them should they offer to descend. I am not at all disposed to receive the whole three, were they to approach me."

"I was convinced of their danger; but from having been unmolested, she was of opinion that to get out in the same manner was equally possible, and she thereupon urged her lover to the undertaking. "I look upon my own danger as of no consequence," was Robert's reply to this entreaty; "indeed, until you appeared I looked the whole affair as matter of amusement. But now, with my dear Agnes under my protection, the case is altered. I cannot think of placing you in danger, where the odds are so much against me."

"They will not harm a woman," returned she; "and I shall tell them you, if prayers and tears have any effect, should we happen to be caught."

"Before you utter prayers or shed tears for me," said Robert proudly, "I shall be past the power of hearing them. Come! for you are in so faint and agitated a state, that there is as much danger in remaining here, as in being the mean fellows who have shown so much enmity towards me."

With his arm round her waist to support her, he now made his hiding-place, and with some difficulty reached the brow of the hill. "Ho, watch there!" cried the spy on the opposite side, "I see him; he's beside you." Robert's time was not to be lost. Robert placed the young Agnes on the ground, and springing forward upon two fellows as they started from their lair, he with a quick precipitation then both over the precipice into the deep pool beneath.

A loud angry exclamation was heard from their companions across the linn, while the loud plunge of the hapless man half drowned his voice; "you have killed them! their blood be on your head!"

"I have only ducked them well, as you should also," replied Robert, in a half-merry and half-angry tone, as he was catching up his Agnes, who was not yet so far removed as to know what had passed, he made for the hill with all speed. When there, a cry or two caught the whole of Mr Hawthorn's distressed family and him, to whom, as they proceeded towards the lake, he related the whole of the adventure, and frankly told his love for the fond and faithful Agnes. The father was unable to reprove the romantic pair, while sitting at the recovery of their daughter; and though Hawthorn once or twice endeavoured to knit her brow, and utter something to each of a "serious and judicious nature," she was obliged to content herself with saying, "Weel, weel, bairn, young folk maun be as glib as oil; an' ye like ane another as ye say, d'ye mind your meeting only larger secret, to be rinnin' ye'r sel's pleasures o' this sort again." Her advice was gratefully received and faithfully followed; and in a few days more, Robert had only to remain by his own fire when he wished to enjoy the company and conversation of his Agnes."

WILLIAM TELL.

At the period at which Edward, king of England, set his claim of right to the sovereignty of Scotland, thus roused the patriotism of Wallace to vindicate the country's independence, a claim of a very similar nature was put forward (1273) by Albert I. duke of Austria, certain districts or cantons in Switzerland, which had hitherto belonged to the confederation of states composed of the German empire. Never, except perhaps in the case of Edward, had there been a claim more unjust and tyrannical. Albert, however, was a man of violent and haughty disposition; and possessing large armies, he secured the cantons which were the objects of his ambition, and placed them under the oppressive sway of his governors. Those whom he appointed to govern the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, were men Gessler of Brunck and Berenger de Landenberg, whose extortions and proceedings were in accordance with the resolution of the emperor (as he was entitled from his connection with Germany) to break the independent spirit of the Swiss by oppression. Landenberg fixed his residence in Unterwalden, and Gessler built himself a castle near Altdorf in Uri, whence he overruled that canton and its neighbour Schwytz. It was impossible for him to have selected two more brutal instruments of his power than these two men. Not satisfied with exercising their power to the injury of the people, they added to their tyranny by bitter taunts. To Werner de Stauffacher, the principal inhabitants of Schwytz, Gessler replied, in an insulting tone, "that his house was too small for a slavish peasant." The observation was treated with contempt, and yielded bitter fruits to the utterer. Nor was Landenberg behind his coadjutor. When he had heard of some unfortunate farmers their oxen and cows of burthen, he replied to their remonstrances by saying them, "that if they wanted to grow corn and till the lands, they might draw the plough themselves!" The minds of the Swiss were exasperated at this treat-

ment, but still their spirit was kept down by reflecting upon the enormous power wielded by their oppressor. But Werner Stauffacher, stung by his country's wrongs and his individual degradation, secretly visited Walter Fürst, of the canton of Uri, calling to their counsel Arnold de Melchtald of Unterwalden, the patriotism of each was influenced by mutual exhortations, and an agreement entered into to vindicate their country's rights, or perish in the attempt. The future meetings of these resolute men were held in the field of Rutli, a desolate spot on the borders of the Waldstatter lake, and near the confines of Uri and Unterwalden. Here, Fürst and Melchtald repaired by unfrequented paths, whilst Stauffacher kept the rendezvous in a little boat which he rowed across the lake in the gloom of night. Each imparted the design to his most intimate friends; and upon an appointed night, the three patriots conducted to Rutli thirty confederates, who joined in a solemn covenant to devote themselves to the emancipation of their country. Their generous resolution was fortified by an oath taken in the name of "that God who has created, out of the same clay, the peasant and the emperor, and gifted every rational being with the same inalienable rights." This important compact, the germ of Helvetic freedom, was made on the night of Thursday preceding the feast of Martinmas 1307.

The suspicion of a brutal despot is easily aroused. Whether Gessler had information of the conspiracy that was hatching, or was influenced by that incessant doubting which haunts the breast of a tyrant, his proceedings became more outrageous than before. As he joined a singular ignorance and infatuation to the natural cruelty of his disposition, he hit upon the notable expedient of testing the loyalty of the people, by erecting a pole and placing on it a cap, to which all were ordered to pay the reverence that was due to the emperor himself. To this degrading ceremony the free and noble spirit of one man instantly and openly announced its intention not to submit. This man was William Tell. He was a native of Burglen, one of the ten districts which compose the canton of Uri, and the son-in-law of Walter Fürst. He had been present at the compact of Rutli. His reputation amongst his countrymen for undaunted energy and skill in arms, had rendered his accession to the league a primary object with the first devisers of the plot. His bold promptitude now accelerated the movement for which the associated patriots were more slowly preparing.

Gessler summoned before him the intrepid peasant of Burglen. His traitorous neglect of the ordained ceremonial to the phantom representative of sovereignty was objected to him. The reply of Tell was unyielding and defying. The rage of the furious Gessler was roused to madness at the calm courage of the simple peasant. Any ordinary punishment was too meagre for such a crime. His invention was fertile in malignancy; and knowing his prisoner to be a father, he determined to make the warm and sacred feelings of a parent his sport and scorn. The young and first-born son of Tell was ordered to be torn from his mother's arms, and brought before the tyrant and his murderous band. The ordeal seems too severe for human nerves, yet Tell passed through it. The wretch in whose power he was, informed him that his only chance of life was to shoot an apple from the head of his own child at a distance to which only the most vigorous arm could send an arrow from the bow, and the most skillful and unmoved marksman take a fixed aim. It was useless for the wretched parent to beg some other trial, however onerous or painful. The monster would have his revenge amply glutted, and the mode he had resolved upon promised a piquancy which no other punishment could supply.

At the appointed hour the fair and weeping child was placed at a measured distance from the father—the apple was put upon its head, and Tell ordered to level his weapon at the mark. What were his feelings at that moment, it would be vain to describe. The arrow flew and pierced the apple, leaving unscathed the tender infant. As the conditions of the trial had been that Tell should have only one shot for his life, Gessler, seeing another arrow in his quiver, asked him to what use he had destined it. "For your heart," answered the iron-nerved hero, "if my first aim had swerved!" The wretch, already infuriated that his victim had escaped him, again commanded his guards to seize the courageous peasant and immure him in a dungeon.

A scene at once so affecting and so revolting must needs have roused the indignation of the Swiss to some visible commotion. The tyrant feared his prisoner would be wrested from him by a popular and general movement, if he kept him within the bounds of Uri. Contrary to the fundamental laws which prohibited a citizen from being imprisoned out of his own canton, he therefore hurried Tell on board a boat, and pushing off into the lake, he ordered the boatmen to steer for Kusnacht in Schwytz. Eager to gratify the vengeance which had been hitherto baulked, Gessler himself accompanied the prisoner, who was loaded with chains. As they approached the famous plain of Rutli, one of those violent gusts of wind which are common in those wild regions, burst from a gorge in the lofty St. Gothard, and, rousing the lake into awful turbulence, threatened the party with destruction. In this crisis the self-possession of the tyrant failed him. The horrors of a sudden and fearful death overcame his hatred of Tell, and with an abjectness of spirit congenial to cruelty, he solicited his injured prisoner to exert his well-known skill as a mariner in extricating him from danger. The iron of the captive were loosened, and his vigorous arm applied to the oar. The boat neared a rock jutting out from the

shore. Tell darting from his seat, sprang with a powerful effort upon its level surface, and, by the same motion with which he reached the rock, he forced back into the foaming waves Gessler and his crew. Then hurrying with all speed to the intended point of debarkation, and having provided himself with his unerring weapon, he quietly waited to see whether the waves or his arrow should rid the world of his oppressor. Gessler escaped the fury of the storm; but as he was proceeding from his landing-place, a shaft from Tell's bow pierced his heart, and he fell dead. This was the first victim to the independence of the Waldstet; and whatever merit may be assigned to the original patriots of Rutli, it is undoubted that the actions of Tell first roused the slumbering spirit of his countrymen, and encouraged them to the noble enterprises which have covered their name with glory.

The death of Gessler was the signal for energetic measures. On the first day of the year 1308, the fortress of the other governor, Landenberg, was taken by an ingenious stratagem. He himself fled, but was overtaken. He purchased his life by resigning all the castles held by the Austrians, and withdrawing the troops. Thus the three cantons were simultaneously freed from their oppressors, without any blood being shed, save that of the infamous Gessler. A formal league and treaty was entered into by them to defend each other against all aggression, and, thus united in concord and determination, they awaited the storm that was lowering upon them.

The Emperor Albert was not a man to receive with resignation the news of the revolt and emancipation of three cantons, which he had vowed to grind to the dust. His indignation rose to a furious pitch, and if the season of the year had permitted, he would have instantly proceeded to execute his projects of vengeance. But whilst the mind of this imperious mortal was intent only on spoliation and aggrandisement (for his covetous eye was fixed on the tempting kingdom of Bohemia), and brooding over his scheme of merciless revenge, a miserable death was preparing for him. Amongst the acts of injustice which he had perpetrated, a refusal to restore his rightful possessions to his nephew John of Austria, was one of the most indefensible. The young prince became irritated at his uncle's perfidy, and there were not wanting persons to insinuate in his ear that it was lawful to remove the obstacle to the possession of his rights. Four noblemen especially, who had all grounds of complaint against the emperor, fortified his resolution, and a plan for the assassination of the common enemy was resolved upon. An opportunity presented itself on the first of May 1308, as Albert was proceeding from Stein to Baden. The conspirators contrived to isolate him from his retinue as he was winding round the foot of the hill on the acclivity of which stood the castle of Hapsbourg, the original seat of his family before its great and sudden elevation. His nephew struck the first blow, and, as he pierced his breast with a lance, he cried out, "Receive the reward of thy injustice." The others pressed around, and passed their swords through his body. They then left him weltering in his gore. An old woman saw him, and came to his assistance. The emperor was yet struggling with death, but on attempting to raise him in her arms, he expired. This murder of the oppressor did not emancipate Switzerland. Civil discord ensued in Austria; a new ruler, fully as despotic as Albert, sprang up, and, in 1315, seven years after the revolt, Leopold, the brother of the lately declared duke, was dispatched with an army into the rebellious cantons, for the purpose of wreaking the vengeance of his family on the unfortunate mountaineers. With the blind confidence that the Swiss would never venture to oppose him, Leopold led his army into a defile commanded by surrounding heights. His forces amounted to ten thousand men. The Swiss were posted at the end of the defile, to the number of thirteen hundred. Fifty citizens of the canton of Schwytz, who had been banished their country, resolved to win back their restoration by effective service. Pouring down from the hills loose rocks and stones upon the Austrian army, they caused a confusion in the ranks, which on such narrow ground was irreparable. The main body of the Swiss charged at the critical moment, and their enemies fell before them powerless and unresistingly. A precipitate flight saved Duke Leopold and his rear body: the rest either fell or were captured. The scene of this glorious exploit was Morgarten, and the date of its achievement the 15th of November 1315. It secured the independence of the Waldstet, and eventually of all Helvetia. The other divisions of the army which were advancing upon Unterwalden, retreated upon learning the fate of the battle of Morgarten. Thus the three cantons once more drew the breath of liberty, and they testified their gratitude to a gracious providence, by a solemn thanksgiving, and ordaining an annual festival in honour of the day. So unbroken have the customs of these simple but heroic communities continued, that after a lapse of more than five centuries, the anniversary of Morgarten continues to be celebrated in the same form and in the same costume in which the original heroes of the day went through its ceremonies.

Thus did the happy valour and indomitable energy of William Tell lead on his countrymen to a successful vindication of their rights. He is therefore justly considered as the champion of Swiss independence, for the bravery which emancipated the three cantons, gradually attracted the other states to partake the benefit of the union, and thus the great Helvetic confederacy was ultimately consolidated. In the country which was the immediate scene of his exploits, his name is venerated as that of its great benefactor. Two chapels yet survive to commemorate the place of his residence, and the spot to which he sprang from the boat in which Gessler was conveying him to Kusnacht. The peasants yet celebrate his praises in national ballads, or relate with exultation the stories concerning him, which tradition has handed down through the lapse of ages.

Nothing more is certainly known of William Tell than has been here related. That he took an active part in the conflicts by which the freedom of the cantons was secured, may be safely concluded from the intrepidity of his character and his proficiency in arms. After the cessation of hostilities, he retired to the spot on which he

The above sketch of a custom in Scottish rural life, is quoted from a publication entitled *The Dumfriesshire Magazine*, which appeared a few years ago. We are inclined to believe that the practice alluded to, like many other customs of the olden time, is now less common than formerly.

had first drawn breath, Burglen, and there he lived happy and retired in the exercise of husbandry for forty-seven years. He left two sons, William and Walter, who cultivated their father's farm, and propagated his name. But, in 1684, his last male descendant died, and, in 1720, the female branch becoming also extinct, there is now no one left to claim so illustrious an ancestor.

A WINTER IN ST PETERSBURG.

It is often a very difficult matter to get over the Russian frontier, and sometimes an equally hard task to get back again. That indispensable charter of locomotion, the passport, is ever wanting in some formality, which is remediable only by rubles. Patience and a long purse are great requisites whilst travelling in Russia, for the autocratic officials are equally stubborn and greedy. But, notwithstanding the annoyances to which one is subject (and it is always best to laugh at them) whilst approaching the capital, the arrival there dissipates chagrin. Every body has heard a great deal about the Russian winter, and the very name excites a cold shudder. Yet, terrible as it may sound, it is the best, the most agreeable, the only season, in which St Petersburg ought to be visited. No doubt the cold is very bitter and intense, but it is bracing, from its equality and permanency. Once set in, it remains invariable, and custom reconciles even the southern traveller to it. At the same time, all take precious good care to prevent its pinching them. No spot upon the body is left uncovered. The head, the trunk, the feet, are folded and cased in the thickest furs, and the hands are clasped within a protecting muff. The costume of the two sexes is scarcely dissimilar, and it is often a difficult matter to decide whether the unwieldy case contains a charming belle or a spruce and mustachioed beau. Whilst the upper classes take this singular care of themselves, the hardihood of the common Russians appears conspicuous. In the keenest cold their necks are bare and their beards frozen, their caution being chiefly directed to keep the feet and legs well covered, whilst the upper part of the body is very scantily clothed.

The first impressions of St Petersburg are scarcely definable, so much are the senses astonished at the extraordinary scene. It is impossible to prevent the mind recurring to the period of its creation. A little more than a century, and a miserable village, inhabited by fishermen, surrounded by bogs, and buried in snow and mist, stood here, and now the most magnificent city in the universe! How wonderful and miraculous a change! Nothing but the genius of a Peter, backed by uncontrollable power, could have so suddenly forced into existence an enormous city, on so unfavourable a site.

This city, as is well known, is built on the shores and islands of the river Neva, which flows in various streams from the Ladoga lake into the gulf of Cronstadt. The principal part of the town lies on the left side of the Neva, and is connected with the other divisions by several bridges. The main stream, which is called the Great Neva, is in its broadest part about three hundred to four hundred yards across. The freezing of this splendid river generally takes place about the beginning of November, but is sometimes earlier and sometimes later. The navigation is never opened before April, and the ice often keeps its place during the whole of that month. These occurrences form, as may be imagined, important epochs in the year to the inhabitants. By those who are not engaged in foreign trade, the covering of the Neva is observed with pleasure, and celebrated as a jubilee: but the merchants regard it as the commencement of the dull season, and deplore it accordingly as the greatest mischief that can happen. The congelation itself affords a striking phenomenon. At first, small flakes of ice drift about, which gradually increase, stop, and freeze together. This latter event takes place with so much suddenness, that a person may have to make his way across the river in a boat, pushing through the floating ice, and in an hour or two be able to walk over the stream he had previously crossed in a vessel. When the ice is once fixed, footpaths and carriage-roads are smoothed upon its rough surface, and these are planted on each side with rows of fir branches, which, being stuck upright, and having a green leafy appearance, give the scene a very singular aspect. In walking or driving along these roads, it is scarcely possible to imagine that one is crossing a broad and impetuous river, which in a short period will be covered with vessels of large burthen. One of these roads, thus planted, is formed from St Petersburg to Cronstadt, right across the gulf; and as the distance is great, a house of refreshment is fixed half way. In consequence of the vast number of vehicles and passengers perpetually pressing upon the paths, they acquire so firm and stable a consistency, that they are always the last to dissolve, and they may be used with perfect safety long after the intermediate ice is not trust-worthy. It is in fact not uncommon to witness persons passing over the ice on the tracks, whilst boats are sailing on each side. But the police prevent these risks as much as possible, and they frequently have to cudgel the common people before they can make them understand there is any danger. But many are foolhardy enough to despise remonstrances, even thus effectually deli-

vered, when they have been incited to the undertaking by the promise of a small reward, with which inconsiderate individuals too often tempt them.

A much more pleasing and entertaining spectacle are the sledge races that are held on the Neva. These occur on festival days and times of general rejoicing. A course is formed on the ice, of sufficient length and breadth, inclosed with a railing; and, on the proper signal being given to start, the sledges dart off with an amazing velocity. The drivers of the public vehicles are the principal candidates, though more aristocratic competitors occasionally appear. An immense concourse of spectators is assembled to view the sport, and booths and galleries are erected for their accommodation. Upon such occasions, the number of sledges that is collected is quite astonishing. These vehicles are drawn either by two horses or one, and vary in shape according to the fancy of the owners. They are driven with great speed, and the skill with which the charioteers manage to escape collision amidst such numbers as are every where gliding along, excites astonishment. The art of driving is considered in St Petersburg a great and necessary qualification, and any mistake or awkwardness will be visited with derision, abuse, and perhaps corporal chastisement. Even ladies sometimes guide the reins, and exhibit an intrepidity and dexterity in no degree inferior to those of the other sex. The magnificent turnpike leading to Peterhof is a sort of fashionable promenade for sledges; and few scenes can surpass in interest and variety the view here presented on a bright winter's day. All nature around is sunk in torpidity and dull repose, but the ingenuity and activity of mankind can succeed in imparting to it a gay, a cheerful, and an exhilarating aspect. The bustle of the sledges, the cries of the drivers, the salutations of friends, raise a sort of tumult which gives the mind a pleasurable excitement, whilst the variety of costumes, the different hues of costly furs, and the sparkling jewels which glitter pre-eminently on the persons of the ladies, gratify the eye with a *tableau vivant* rich and varied beyond description.

One of the chief diversions of the lower classes in St Petersburg, during winter, is afforded by the ice-hills erected on the Neva. They are made of strong timber, raised to the height of thirty or forty feet, having steps at the back for ascending, and on the front side a steep descent, covered with blocks of ice, cemented together by water poured from the top, and which thus form a surface as smooth and slippery as glass. Down this both men and women descend, seated on boards or little low sledges, with an appalling velocity, and, by the impulse gained in the descent, are carried along the ice, which is cleared of snow for the purpose, to the bottom of another ice-hill, up the steps of which they climb with their sledge on their backs, and repeat the experiment from the top. Though this is an amusement confined to the humble classes, the spectacle attracts vast crowds, composed of every order in the community. The Neva is covered with carriages, sleighs, and pedestrians, whilst booths are opened for the sale of spirituous liquors, which are as essential to the comfort of the Russian as they seem to that of the Briton. Shows of wild beasts and broad farces, also, are ranged along, to complete the enjoyment of the volatile and irreflective crowd.

From the great extent of St Petersburg, and the peculiar discredit in which walking in the streets is held, there are always numbers of public vehicles standing in different quarters of the city, ready for immediate use. In summer, there are droschkis, a sort of carriage of a very inconvenient shape, capable of holding two persons besides the driver, who is planted immediately in front of his passengers. This proximity is seldom agreeable, as, besides the vermin with which the lower classes in Russia are covered, their general uncleanness, and the rankness of the food they devour, render their contact extremely repulsive to the organs of smelling. In winter they substitute a common sort of sledge, which, though not very dashing in outward appearance, glides along as fast as any of its most brilliant competitors. Some of the drivers have very superior conveyances; and as all of them take great care of their horses, they can generally "go the pace" much better than a stranger would at first view anticipate.

There is an institution in St Petersburg for the benefit of these people, which in the winters of less severe climates might be imitated with advantage. This consists in fire-places, which are erected in all the principal squares, near the theatres and other places, for the benefit of the poor drivers and others, who pass many hours in inactivity on the streets. These fireplaces are constructed in a circular form, surrounded with a high parapet of granite, round which, inside, are arranged benches, the whole being surmounted with an iron roof. A large fire is kindled, and twenty or thirty persons may conveniently sit around it, and shelter themselves from the biting blast. This is a regulation to be esteemed for its humanity, and it certainly reflects credit on the authorities.

The public amusements in St Petersburg (meaning by that term such as a stranger may participate in without an introduction) are very few. The theatres of course are open, and afford gratification to the proficients in Russia, but the temporary sojourner has seldom conquered the difficulties of the Slavonic. He may think himself well off indeed if he can recollect the name of the street he lives in, and better still if he can pronounce it. Such a name as "Bolschaya-Podiatsheskaya-Ulitsa," as the appellation of a street, might frighten a person versed even in the learning of the Egyptians. But as there is a great number of Germans resident in St Petersburg, re-

presentations frequently occur in their language, and such times the theatre is crowded with the foreign inhabitants. There is a considerable difference between the state of society in Russia and that in Germany or France. The former is much more reserved, stiff, and difficult access. The traveller that visits St Petersburg will find a good introduction, will find himself in a desert. There are no cafés or places of general rendezvous which respectable people frequent, and where chance acquaintanceships may be formed. The hotels even are not considered respectable, and in consequence they are on a depressed scale as to convenience and comfort, though sufficient high as to charges. The tables d'hôte, which in Germany and France offer such attractions, are shunned by the habitants, and no one appears there who can get into decent society. Much of this may perhaps arise from the perpetual presence of the police in every public assembly. The spy system is understood to be in full force, and prudence warns every one to guard against indiscreet confidence with those whom he does not know. The suit is, that society is chased within doors, and assumes private and exclusive a cast as possible, and nothing overleap the barrier but a powerful recommendation.

Yet an introduction to one family of respectable people is quite sufficient. As soon as a sufficient guarantee is the houses of all who move in the circle of your acquaintance are open to you—that is, if your own folly or politeness do not mar your prospects. For a stranger to get into good repute in St Petersburg, it is absolutely essential for him to keep a vehicle during the stay, as nothing will sink him into such utter contempt and neglect as visiting his friends on foot, or even in a public sledge or droschki. In other cities of Europe, having a carriage is looked upon as a luxury, but in St Petersburg it is regarded as a necessary of life. Even the men of an inferior class drive their one-horse coaches, while the wealthy shopkeepers, and merchants who in the first class of burghers, sport their pair, and a four-in-hand, with all due ostentation. The number of horses a man can harness in his carriage is regulated by the tax on his declared capital which he pays to government, and those who have the privilege in its full cannot fail to use it.

When once a stranger is established on a good footing it is his own fault if he ever dine or sup at his own expense. Hospitality may be talked of in other countries, but is practically observed in Russia. General invitations to dine are really mean something, and are expected to be declined. Even a chance-calling at dinner time is hailed with alacrity, whilst a late absence from the evening *soirée* is considered as an insult. But a great passion for social enjoyments is the characteristic of every class, and a foreigner will find it difficult to select his host for the day, so numerous and pressing will be his invitations. His interest and his wishes necessarily lead him to frequent all parties, and he will often find it expedient to dine at one house, take coffee at another, and sup at a third. Thus his time may be spent in agreeable society, and the best opportunities afforded him for observing the manners of the people, when he is fairly initiated in the private circles of St Petersburg.

A SUBJECT UPON WHICH IT IS OF NO USE TO SPEAK.

A TREATISE "on the Deformities of the Chest and Spine," illustrated by plates, by William Coulson" (Hurd London), has just come under our notice. The object of the author seems to be to point out the injuries arising from the practice of tight-lacing among females; and this he does in a masterly manner. It shows how the practice is undermining the health, the bulk of young women at the present moment; how it is distorting their spines, giving them a high and low shoulder, causing an unnatural projection of the sternum or breast-bone; rendering them unfit to perform properly the functions of mothers; and, lastly, leading to the production of a weak, consumptive, and puny race of people. Mr Coulson deserves the thanks of the British public—the male public—for the admirable manner in which he has treated this most distressing subject. But it is too obvious that any thing which he has said, will not be of the smallest use in abolishing the practice of tight-lacing. We consider his labours to be entirely thrown away. The press has for years been reproaching tight-lacing, and yet not the smallest change has been effected. Women squeeze their bodies, distort their spines, and ruin their health, as much as ever. All things improve but this. Tight lacing remains a fixed practice, a practice fraught with the most terrific, the most melancholy consequences yet one which is fixed with more than fetters of law by the fashion of the times. We might give as a tract from Mr Coulson's book, to show how dreadfully injurious tight-lacing is; but where would be the use of it? The matter would no doubt be perused by young female readers, but it would leave no impression on their understandings; or, to speak more correctly, its truth would be theoretically acknowledged, but practically denied. We know that this would be the result. We have written about tight-lacing till we are tired. The conviction now forces itself upon our mind, that if any thing like a substantial reform in the practice is to be brought about, it must be by more potent means than the press. It is now more beyond the possibility of doubt, that the practice

burying thousands of accomplished young females to their graves. Within our own limited sphere, we have several who are dying from no other cause. The mania has descended from high to low life. In Edinburgh, at this instant, there are hundreds of women, in the class of domestic servants, who are as the victims of this execrable fashion, as the daughters of the aristocracy. In short, the crime is universal. But no warning will suffice to assuage it. Then, a whole nation sit down in despair, and the tight-lacing go on for ever? We suspect it must, unless some reform may be hoped for from those mighty who sit at the helm of fashion, and capriciously order the women of Great Britain to wear whatever cut clothes they think fit. These are the mighty personages who alone, out of a nation of some twenty or thirty millions of souls, have the power to redress this monstrous abuse. To them, the nation must pray to be delivered from the thralldom of tight-lacing. If the petition be refused, then our case is hopeless. But if granted—how instantaneous the delivery. Quick!—Beware!—Beware! And tight-lacing is for ever banished from the earth. Ladies, one and all—all women—ladies—instantaneously relax the strings of their corsets. The wasp figure is abandoned. Health, good looks, and good looks, resume their legitimate sway. And our women are themselves again.

A PERSONAL SYNONYME.

The ingenious and most witty writer of "the Miscellaneous of Human Life" be still alive, and if he should ever think of publishing a new edition of his work, we would recommend to his special attention the following class of distresses, arising from the accident of name. You are, we shall suppose, a Mr Ainsworth. It must not be a very common name, such as Brown, Smith, or Wilson, for then your individuality is lost, and people will take care to ascertain who's who before assuming any thing; neither must it be a very common name, for then you will probably have no namesake in the same town with yourself throughout whole lifetime. We must suppose a name neither very abundant nor very scarce, and Ainsworth is one of these. Now, you, Mr Ainsworth, are a respectable sort of person, very well meaning, very quiet in your general deportment, belonging to a dignified profession; yet you once wrote a book, or spoke a speech at a public meeting, or delivered a series of popular lectures on the English language, or did something else to convey the impression to your fellow-townsmen, that, though a demure person enough, yet there is something in you more than meets ordinary observation, and you may be capable of doing rather odd things upon occasion. Such being the state of matters, a fancy ball takes place, and all the newspapers notice with particular commendation Mr Ainsworth's appearance in the costume of a courtier of Charles II.'s reign. There was a correctness in the details of the dress, an appropriateness of air, and an elegance in the whole figure, which rendered it quite the figure of the night. All the world, of course, or all the world who were not at the fancy ball, at once presume that this Mr Ainsworth was *you*—you who, in the recesses of your study, never heard that such a thing as a fancy ball was to take place, who never were at one in your life, and never will be—who, in fact, hold such friskings in utter dislike. You are the Mr Ainsworth as a matter of course, for there is no other known Mr Ainsworth about town. For a week after, every friend you meet adverts in his own characteristic manner to your appearance at the ball. The good-natured ones speak unsuspiciously and congratulatingly, remarking that it must have been a pleasant ball, and so forth. The ill-natured ones aver their ignorance of your having been such a proficient in antique costume, and almost tell you to your face what a fantastic fool they think you. You protest against their suppositions, but you can only do so with a few individuals. As for the great body of the public, among whom you argue that the same impression prevails, you know only too well that you must continue to be held as the Mr Ainsworth who figured away as the Charles II. courtier. How can it be otherwise? You cannot advertise out of the supposition. Any such announcement as "the public is requested to observe that the Mr Ainsworth who appeared, &c. is not Mr Ainsworth, courtier, Half-Moon Place," would bring a challenge upon your head before the paper was two hours old. Our masquerading namesake—probably some gay military stranger—would hold such an announcement

as insinuating that there was something dishonourable in his conduct, not to speak of the scorn with which he would treat the supposition that he could be mistaken for *you*; and the insult would only be effaceable by your innocent blood. No, no; you must just sit down contentedly with the knowledge that most of those who know you, believe you to be, for your years, really a surprisingly good fool.

This is extremely hard; but the hardship of such mistakes is not the only thing worth noting about them. It is curious to observe, from such circumstances, how that which one man does for glory, appears to another as a thing to be shrunk from and disclaimed. It is very common, in spheres of life where honour is protected without duelling, to find one Mr Dixon advertising himself out of the supposition that he was another Mr Dixon, who had recently been making some appearance in public life which he (the first Mr Dixon) did not like to be responsible for. "We understand"—so in general run these very impudent-looking announcements—impudent-looking, because they convey an indirect reproach—"we understand that Mr A. Johnson, who presided at the meeting of the working-classes for the abolition of the taxes on knowledge, is not Mr A. Johnson (nay, sometimes it is a different name, as Mr B. or Mr C. Johnson) upholsterer, Carp Street." Here we have one Mr Johnson performing what he no doubt thinks a sacred duty, a duty which probably engages his best and warmest feelings to as great an extent as any speculative question can do, and another Mr Johnson eager to disabuse his "friends and the public" of the idea that it is, that it *could be*, he, who had acted a part so extremely low and unworthy. Such little matters reflect a curious light on human prepossessions.

TALES IN PROSE, BY MARY HOWITT.

A SMALL and beautifully prepared volume, under this title, has recently been published.* Of the poetical merits of its amiable author we lately gave our humble, but sincere opinion; and we are glad to state that this specimen of her abilities in another department of composition, appears to us qualified to extend the reputation she has already acquired. It is a volume of little stories for the young, not written in that good-boy style which prevails in juvenile literature, and scarcely imposes even upon very young children, but with pleasing and natural incident, lucid expression, and that mildness and affectionateness of tone which best befits the intercourse of the adult with the rising generation. Numerous cuts, charmingly executed, add to the attractions of the volume. Our warm recommendation of the work to such as desire to place a pure and improving literature in the hands of the young, will in some measure be supported by the following specimen of its contents:—

MARTHA AND MARY.

It was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigour, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families in the meantime, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a stayed and respectable couple belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, at which that apostle-like young man, Edward Burroughs, was to preach, leaving their little daughter Martha under the care of an aged woman, who was, at that time, their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age: her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution, had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow; and as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property. She had heard them talk over their grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted brethren—persecuted even to the death; had heard of little children enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains, which would overcome even the strong man; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields—a pleasant quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest time, and in the course of the morning the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way. She had not been long

alone, before a beggar-woman presented herself with a young child in her arms. Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress in whatever shape it presented itself, and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy; and when the child in the woman's arms wept, her heart yearned towards it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her, and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal. All her little hoard of money was produced, the bargain was struck, and the two parted perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful in its form and features; and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep; and as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind, that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge unknown to her parents, that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways, was she to be seen; and then she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable warm bed with a blanket, in a large press, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing that she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all which time the child had slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned. The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business, employed herself in preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Walter Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burroughs's extraordinary sermon, and of the discourse to whom it was addressed, they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew suddenly pale, but her parents were not observing her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads towards the part of the house whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard, and again they paused. "Surely," said the wife, "that is the voice of a young child."

The critical moment was now come—concealment was no longer possible; and Martha's affection mastering her fear, as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it is my child!" and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge, in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

Mrs Pixley was soon at her daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. They were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependent, and one especially who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times, when they could not even insure security for themselves; and besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance might be made, in some way or other, a cause of offence or persecution—for the world looked with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Father Pixley, therefore, soon determined what he had to do in the affair—to make the circumstances known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but, to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information—such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that his worship very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially "he would not with a Quaker." Walter, however, was not easily to be put by; he felt his business was important, and, by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and in the end threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too woefully the horror of that dungeon to bring upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking for help at the hands of the justice; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

* London, William Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

Against the will, therefore, of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it as their little daughter had done from the first beholding it. "For who knows," argued the good Walter Pixley, "but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil for our teaching and bringing up? Let us not ginsay or counteract the ways of Providence." This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof, she might be about six months old, a child of uncommon beauty; nor as the months advanced into years, was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was, in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder-sister, as Martha was now considered; she was bold and full of mirth; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her; and as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger years matured into fixed principle, she embraced with a firm mind the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood, but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sakes; still their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member of the family, by carolling forth "profane songs," as Mrs Pixley called them; while low she became acquainted with them, remained for ever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of father Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being, who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother, meantime, strove to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue what her friends called "her airy imagination," and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do—the true character burst forth through all—Mary was again all wit and laughter, and though her friends reproved, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II., which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other Friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessities of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself in their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailor, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low, that in a few days her life was despaired of: still, no medical aid could be procured, and the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were given up to furnish covering for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a burst of uncontrollable indignation; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a labourer, she hurried to the justice's; and as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The justice stared, as if doubting his senses, and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the justice grew angry, and at length the full

violence of his temper broke forth, and the high-spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done? She ordered her old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren. Little children, too, there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailor, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailor, and was admitted; her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favour, as at the house of the justice. But here again her errand debarred her further success; the jailor would neither allow her to see her friends, nor would he convey a message to them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls, but she did not; she retorted upon the jailor the severity of his manner, and bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her, and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailor laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her do her worst.

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that William Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II., to bestow on him that tract of land called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to represent to the king the deplorable sufferings of Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison? And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. "If," she said, "he would not accompany her, she would go alone." She bade him, therefore, to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment, to prepare for the journey.

"Of a surety," said the old man to himself, "she is a wilful young thing."

In the morning, however, she found not only her horse prepared, but the old man and his also, for wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, "he would," he said, "go with her to the end of the world."

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered the lives of her friends were at stake. She was therefore sufficiently supplied with money for their journey.

For this time the wild gaiety of Mary's spirits was gone, but instead, was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where William Penn had his temporary residence, and without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had overrated his influence with the king. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon herself and her kind hostess, the overstrained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. The fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive as in the high-minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt but that all would be well; and with her heart comforted, assured, and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the king, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and receive from his own hands the order for their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Guilelma Penn, who surveyed the beautiful face and figure with admiration, and kissed her and blessed her, as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaving upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies assembled for the occasion, into the presence of his majesty. Mary's heart beat violently, as her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to the sovereign, who graciously bade her speak her wish without fear. Reassured by the kindness of the king's manner, almost forgetting the presence in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the justice who kept her there; and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released, that the king turned aside to wipe away a tear before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The king himself put into her hands the order for their release, and the praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very kindly, passed out of the presence chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the king, but the rest closing around the almost terrified maiden overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologised for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and together with that, a dismissal from his office for the jailor. Rest was now absolutely necessary for Mary, and those extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his roof, and conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys had come to an end, for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder, on his return, and he came noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there. Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I may say, several years ago, was possessed of a piece of needlework said to have been of her doing.

A VOYAGE WITHOUT SPIRIT-DRINKING.

The practice of doling out drams or quantities of grog (rum and water) to sailors, originated in the supposition that the administration of spirituous fluids was beneficial, if not absolutely necessary, in the case of hard labour and extreme exposure to the weather. It is now proved, by many experiments, that this supposition is erroneous. It is ascertained by experience in the American navy, and by different British commanders of vessels, that sailors are more able to endure fatigue, and are more healthful, without grog than with it, besides being infinitely better behaved. It is thus certain that the drinking of spirituous fluids is not essentially necessary in any case of exposure to hard labour. No doubt, a dram gives an excitement or filip to the drinker, but the sensation is only temporary; the excitement soon abates, and at length a greater degree of lassitude ensues, than if no dram had been taken. We have heard it repeatedly mentioned, that drinking drams of brandy to keep out the cold, when travelling on the outskirts of stage coaches in cold weather, is of no use in the main. A little warm milk, or some other simple refreshing liquid, is infinitely better adapted for the purpose.

In an amusing work recently published by Messrs Curry and Company, Dublin, entitled "Two Months at Kilkee" (a small watering-place in the county of Clare), we find the following account of a voyage performed by a vessel from England to Van Diemen's Land, during which not a drop of spirituous fluid was taken by the sailors, although their sufferings from cold and fatigue were almost overwhelming. "Perhaps (says the author) there has never been a stronger proof placed upon record of the capability of the human constitution to bear, without the use of ardent spirits, great fatigue, in constant wet both night and day, for many weeks, and not sustain the least injury, but rather improve the health, than the case of the temperance crew of the 'Henry Freeling,' a small schooner of only 100 tons, which sailed from England, in the spring of 1834, to convey Daniel Wheeler, now minister of the Society of Friends, on a religious visit to Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, and the islands in the Pacific Ocean. To use Daniel Wheeler's own words, 'theirs was a strictly temperance vessel.' After a voyage of about eight weeks, they reached Rio de Janeiro; leaving that place in about two weeks they sailed by the Cape of Good Hope for Van Di-

Land, where it was then winter, and at which arrived in safety in fifteen weeks, after encountering a succession of the most dreadful storms and hurricanes, which kept their little vessel so much in the water, that, at times, they could not keep up the necessary fires for dressing food. To give a faint idea of what they suffered, I shall give a few extracts from the journal of Daniel Wheeler, who, having spent the early part of his life in the navy, was well calculated, by his experience, to assist with his judgment in getting their little vessel through the mountain billows of the great South Seas, which, even in summer, it is difficult to navigate with the largest vessels. All through, the health of the crew seemed to be an object of his attention. During this severe season, no ardent spirits were used on board." He

6th month, 21st (their shortest winter's day, our summer). Still "lying to," in heavy gales from the south-west, with frequent squalls, still more heavy, with rain and forked lightning; at the same time, the weather extremely cold and penetrating.—6th month, 2nd. "Lying to," as yesterday, the storm still raging with unabated violence; squalls, heavy rain, and lightning through the night. The sea having risen to a fearful height, has frequently inundated the deck of the vessel; and from the continual working of her whole frame, our bed-places have been unfit to sleep in, the water clearing its way through numerous chinks. This morning early, a heavy sea broke into us, bringing a larger quantity of water upon deck than at any time before.—7th month, 7th. Still "lying to;" the storm has continued all night, and the sea makes very heavy upon us. The mercury in the marine barometer has sunk to 29.30, then rose a little, and again sank lower in the tube. As the night advanced, the storm increased with awful violence. The strength of the wind was incredible, and the lightning appalling, with a fall of rain and sleet; the sea broke in upon our little ship in an alarming manner. The poor men were lashed upon deck with ropes, to prevent their being washed away; benumbed with cold, and at times floating with the vast load of water upon the deck, their sufferings are not easily described. The bulwark on the larboard side was damaged, and the spray reached more than two-thirds up the main-mast. Next morning, on looking round at the ravages of the storm, I was surprised to find that so little damage was done, and the increase of pumping had been comparatively trifling to what might have been expected from the violent and frequent strokes of the sea, and the floods of water that had rolled over the deck of the vessel." [Here follows a detail of similar sufferings for several weeks.]

8th month, 8th. It is now more than ten weeks since we sailed from Rio de Janeiro; we are still more than 3000 miles from our desired port, and yet the winds have mostly blown from favourable quarters, but often with such violence as to render them unavailing on account of the tremendous seas they have occasioned.—8th month, 15th. To-day the sea was considered the most lofty and appalling that had yet been permitted to assail our poor fragile bark. The wind shifted several points in the course of the gale, causing the white-crested foaming billows to run one against another in fearful heaps, and, breaking as they met in every direction, exhibited one vast ocean of white foam, in confused agitation, not to be described. At the principal weight of this mighty tempest came from the southward and westward, there was nothing to break, in any degree, the sweeping range of the sea between us and the neighbourhood of the Pole; and the wind coming from off such vast bodies of ice, brought with it most chilling cold, and heavy falls of hail and sleet, which added much to the already accumulated sufferings of our poor drenched and benumbed men.

In a letter, dated 10th month, 21st, from Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land, when speaking of the men not having any thing stronger than water to drink, for months together, he says:—"Again, 'It is a little remarkable, that although they have been sometimes wet, and in wet clothes, not for a day or two, but for a week together—when their teeth have chattered with the cold, with no warm food, the sea having put out the fires even below the deck, and the water filtering through the deck on their beds below, and not a dry garment to change—yet not a single instance of cramp has occurred amongst them, nor the slightest appearance of the scurvy, even in those who have been before afflicted with it, and still bear the marks about them; and, with the solitary instance of one man, who was forced to quit the deck for two hours during his watch, from being taken unwell, every man and boy has stood, throughout the whole, in a remarkable manner.'"

From Sydney he thus writes:—"1st month, 21st, 1833. It is so common a thing for the shipping to lose their men here, that a few days ago, the question was put to me by General Bourke, the governor, 'Have you lost any of your men?' And it is satisfactory to know, that some of the strangers who have attended our meeting on board, have, in more than one instance, expressed, as if of rare occurrence, that our sailors look more like healthy, fresh-faced farmers, than men come off a long voyage: the generality of whom we see daily have a thin and worn-down appearance, particularly when they belong to ships that supply them daily with ardent spirits."

After a voyage of ten weeks from Sydney, Daniel Wheeler arrived at Tahiti, one of the Sandwich Islands. He thus writes:—

"4th month, 30th. Just as we were ready to go on shore, to take tea at George Bignal's (to whom, as deputy consul, the mail brought from New South Wales had been delivered), the young king (or, perhaps, it is more correct to say the husband of the queen) came on board, with his younger brother and uncle, and several others. They behaved with great openness and cheerfulness, and seemed highly pleased to see us. Our captain was personally known to them already. They soon looked round the vessel, apparently delighted, left us a basket of oranges, and said they would come again to-morrow. To my great rejoicing, the pilot soon after coming on board, informed us (officially) of the disuse of ardent spirits altogether. by saying, 'Rum no good for us here.'"

CONVICTIONS UPON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

First Case.

In the year 1723, a young man who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sailmaker, got leave to visit his mother, to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey, and on his arrival at Deal, in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full, and every bed occupied; but she told him, that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indian man, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest. In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and wakening his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen; but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and after remaining near half an hour in the yard, he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain. The alarm now became general, and on further examination marks of blood were traced from the bedroom into the street, and at intervals down to the edge of the pier-head. Rumour was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty. He related all the above circumstances in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from his bedroom, were too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were drops and platforms invented. The young man was very tall; his feet sometimes touched the ground, and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours, animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his quitting the country, and never returning. He accordingly travelled by night to Portsmouth, where he entered on board a man-of-war, on the point of sailing for a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name, and disguised his person, his melancholy story never was discovered. After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he, with a few more of the crew, were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived short of hands from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstasy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and

executed, five years before! Nor was the surprise of the old boatswain much less when he heard the story. An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared the boatswain had been bled for a pain in the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man wakened him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street; but a pressgang laid hold of him just as he left the public-house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting: a few minutes brought them on board a frigate, then under weigh for the East Indies, and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. Thus were the chief circumstances explained by the two friends, thus strangely met. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man, could only be explained by the conjecture, that when the boatswain gave him the knife in the dark, it is probable, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became unconsciously the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the cause, and it is probable they never after convicted a man on circumstantial evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at the time.—From the *Kaleidoscope*, a Liverpool publication.

BONE MANURE.

OFTEN as we have alluded in this journal to the latent virtues and growing importance of bone manure, we have a few words to say on the subject still. Years have now elapsed since it was currently said of an application, which, however unpromising in appearance, is most potent in reality, that it had added 5s. per acre to the value of all the light and sharper soils in the south of Scotland; but that, we suspect, was too low a calculation; and wherever the land is of easy access to man and beast, three half-crowns or a trifle more may be safely substituted for the former number. Portability in manures, as in many things else, is a leading virtue; and wherever the elevation of the land is such as to oppose an insurmountable barrier to the transport and application of ashes, cow and stable manure, it would be difficult to set limits to the value of an article, the qualities of which were so long hidden that few things in the world were considered more proverbially worthless than "dry bones." But mark the change. Steeps which for centuries grew nothing but grass, and grass too of inferior quality, are now covered in regular rotation with turnips, oats, barley, and even wheat, and, allowing for some difference of climate (the effect of which is felt more or less in backward seasons), are all but undistinguishable from the plains below. Up till 1828 or the following year, 32 bushels of crushed bones were considered equal to 20 cubical yards of stable dung, and each respectively the requisite manure for an acre of ground—a difference in portability which may be expressed by 1 to 30, without the slightest exaggeration. If one cubical yard of thoroughly made manure be considered a sufficient load for a horse and cart, twenty such conveyances would be required to transport from town to country the quantity named; and supposing it fairly deposited on the farm, the grand question is, how many horses will find it hard enough work to convey the load up hill. Thirty we should consider a moderate number, and when to these we add the labour of two scatterers to each cart, the expense of tolls, extra feeding, and other items, the reader will at once perceive the total impossibility of manuring, on the olden principle, mountain land. The expense, in fact, was so enormous, that the thing was rarely if ever attempted; while with bones the case is so different, that the horse and cart and man that bring the article from the mill can take it to the place of its destination; and when there, go over an acre of land with greater ease than 60 persons could do with ordinary dung. Nor is this all; for although 32 or 34 bushels of bones per acre were very generally used at first, experience has shown that so large a quantity is not at all necessary. Land is always grateful for favours conferred, and never forgets the first benefit; and hence the discovery, that from 20 to 25 bushels stimulate just as well as the original quantity. Such, in fact, is now the general practice, and it is further considered a good plan to deposit in drills or furrows common manure first, and then spread a sprinkling of bones on the top. In this way there is action and reaction, and the fermentation natural to the one article affects the other favourably, by bringing its latent virtues sooner into play. In some parts of England two quarters per acre, or 16 bushels, is considered sufficient, and a writer in the *Mark Lane Express* strongly recommends mixing crushed bones with coal ashes passed through a riddle, that the finer parts may be taken, and the rougher rejected. From all this, it is plain that extreme portability is the leading virtue of bone manure, and there can be no doubt that it is on the strength of this quality chiefly that so many upland hills and steeps in almost every county in Scotland, previously bare even of blades, have been reclaimed almost from a state of nature to a state of great and growing fertility—vastly to the augmentation of the agricultural wealth and resources of the country. Well, therefore, may we repeat a few of the remarks made in this paper, on the same subject, as far back as July 1828:—

"The time has been when the bones of animals were something like the sticks that prop up peas—useful in serving a temporary purpose, but cumbersome and unsightly, if not a nuisance, from the moment the surrounding fruit was gathered. While the butcher, in the case of a Highland bullock, contrived to make his own of the beef, the tanner of the hide, and the tinker of the horns, the bones were supposed to have served every purpose after they had passed from the parlour to the hall, and been stripped,

of every thing eatable about them. But new lights are constantly streaming on this wonderful world of ours; and within the last twenty years, bones of all sorts and sizes, when crushed into a gritty sort of dust, have been found to be an excellent substitute for manure, and, as such, form a regular article of commerce. *Portability*, in a word, forms the great recommendation of the article in question. Like the condensed chemical soups carried off by Captain Parry, it contains much substance in little bulk, and lessens in no mean degree the expense of tolls as well as of labour. To the farmer more particularly, whose grounds are at once so hilly and remote, that dung, unless made at home, can only be procured at a heavy expense, it offers at all times so valuable a substitute, that, in place of scourging his arable land, he may follow the most approved system of husbandry by taking only one white crop at a time. Some, indeed, may fancy that as the demand increases, bones will become so scarce that the dearth of the article will operate as a complete prohibition. But of this we have no fears whatever. Care in collecting and preserving will do much, and the deficit may at all times be supplied from abroad. It was near the end of the fourteenth century before linen rags were manufactured into paper, and as weaving happens to be an old invention, all the cast-linen in Christendom must have previously shared the fate of the weeds of the field, if we except the inconsiderable portion which the descendants of Galen scraped into caddis. War occasionally made the paper-maker pay dear for the raw material; but it was then that he hit upon other expedients, such as using a different article for his coarser fabrics, and husbanding the remnants of gentlemen's shirts for those delicious reams of poet, whether gilt-edged or plain, upon which lovers breathe their vows, and statesmen indite acts of Parliament."

Around Hull, and in other parts of England, bones have been used as manure for a period of nearly thirty years; and it is a curious fact, that while the Scots have the reputation of being the best farmers in the world, almost all our great improvements are imported from the sister country. From Hull, the practice travelled to East Lothian, and was for years so stationary that not a single bushel of the new manure was seen in the south of Scotland till 1825.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier*.

EMIGRATION TO IRELAND.

When we think of the thousands of acres lying uncultivated on the Irish western coast, capable of the highest degree of improvement—when we look to the magnificent harbours—the capability of forming extensive fisheries—the materials for roads and buildings all unheeded—the means of making Ireland a maritime nation—we cannot help asking government why, in the name of justice, they do not give the same encouragement to render its internal and external resources available, as they do to those who emigrate to Canada or Australia? The subject has attracted much attention among officers of the army and navy on half-pay since we first called attention to it, and we shall not be surprised to find a portion of them form themselves into a society, and seek parliamentary aid in the praiseworthy undertaking of establishing settlements upon those coasts.

We naturally calculate that landed proprietors would be right glad to see farms rising on their properties, inhabited by individuals who would introduce among a hitherto neglected population civilization and intelligence. We know that the officers in the coast-guard service find the west of Ireland so cheap, that they can live on the most limited means; beef and mutton seldom exceeding twopenny-halfpenny to threepence per pound; salmon the year round from twopenny to twopenny-halfpenny; firing as abundant as it is cheap; and salt-water fish at little or nothing; in fact, the only want is society and dwelling-houses, the materials for the latter being easily procured in a district where limestone and marble abound in great quantities.

A few towns thus situated, and respectably inhabited, would soon open an extensive commercial intercourse; and we can see no reason why the ruling powers should not give every assurance and encouragement to so valuable a class of British subjects as half-pay officers. By doing so, they would more materially advance the general interests of the empire at large, than by any issue of money to forward the interests of private individuals in such concerns as joint-stock companies.

The subject is one too important to be neglected; and we trust that at an early and fitting opportunity it may receive that attention it so well merits. What Swift said of that patriotism of the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one had grown before, would sink into obscurity compared with what might be said of the beneficence of his country, who caused prosperous towns and thriving inhabitants to spring up where only misery and desolation had before met the eye. Such new societies would not only prove a guarantee to that union which, if ever disturbed, must shake this great, this mighty empire, to its base, but it would also confer a boon on a most deserving class of men, whose energies are at present cramped or dormant. They would, in the first instance, partake of the benefits of being transferred from an idle to an active life—from neglected and gentled penury, or the galling, and often unproductive, alternative of emigration, to the certain enjoyment of comfort in their native land, and the employment of their intellectual powers for the benefit of their country and their fellow-creatures.—*United Service Gazette*.

HINTS TO PREVENT FATAL ACCIDENTS BY DROWNING.

Be as quiet as possible. The human body is lighter than water; therefore, if kept quiet, some part of it will float; that part must be the face; therefore put back the head and keep down the arms and hands, or they will sink the head—all agitating and kicking motions are dangerous. Dr Franklin recommends a motion similar to going up stairs upon hands and knees. Any person may lie on his back in the water, gently using the arms, as in swimming—this should be taught to young persons.

Cheer and encourage the person in danger—this is of very great importance. The alarm must be instantly and loudly given for every possible assistance. The swimmer will (taking off his hat, coat, waistcoat, and shoes) jump in to preserve his fellow creature; if the body be under water, let the swimmer dive, remembering he can open his eyes and see under water, if necessary; a body is easily moved under water;—send for drag, boats, ropes, ladders, long pieces of wood, a hencoop, bladder, &c.—take a rope and throw one end, made heavy by a stone, to the sufferer, on the principle of Captain Manby's invention;—the handkerchief, &c. together in soft knots (learn the art), and use them extended as the rope;—take a handkerchief, lay a hat on it with the crown upwards, cover the hat and tie the handkerchief by its corners at the crown, and float it (with a little ballast), crown downwards, to the sufferer—a string with a weight (as before) thrown to him will enable him to bring the hat to himself—any one may trust to this floating hat; an extended neck is a terrible, or perhaps a painful, will float any one aching hold of the female at the lower end;—a large bladder, tied round the neck, will force the head out of water, the arms being down;—join

hands, and endeavour to make a line from the shore to the sufferer. The services of the Newfoundland dog in saving children are well known. Use the drag carefully and speedily.

When the body is got to land, avoid all rough usage; avoid the use of salt, tobacco, and spirits; don't roll the body on coals; lose not a moment; carry the body to the nearest house, and send for medical assistance; dry the body, put it between warm blankets, rub it without intermission, and use the other means recommended by the Royal Humane Society.

"LET US THINK OF THOSE THAT SLEEP."

If we could see some warning hand,

Or hear some whisper calling

Each after each, to join the band

Of death-struck mortals falling,

In spite of human skill and care,

Into the gloomy sepulchre:

Amid the common words and smiles,

And friendly looks and greetings,

And all that every day bequies

Our thoughts from other meetings

Than those which now, without misgiving,

The living hold with others living:

We sometimes—nay, we often—then,

Would think of those who often

Have met with us, our grief or pain,

Or cares of life to soften,

But now, from living converse gone,

Who sleep beneath the turf or stone.

But as if yesterday, their hand

With life's warm tide was flowing;

We grasp'd it, while th' expression bland

Was in their bright eyes glowing:

Death now has glazed those eyes, and Death

Has stopt the warm blood and the breath.

Corruption triumphs now in them

Over bodies which we pamper,

But ours in turn it soon will claim,

Our's soon the coffin hamper

If the cold rigid corpse could feel

The closeness of its bed of deal.

And is it, then, so sure that we

Go where they've gone already?

As if, still beck'ning, we could see

Their fingers—or a steady

Calm, and unfaltering whisper said,

Close in our ear, "Come, join the dead."

'Tis very certain—those before,

These follow'ing—placed between

The dead and living—why no more

Than if they ne'er had been,

Think we of friends of bygone hours,

Whose silent rest will soon be ours?

AN ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.

The following was communicated to the writer by the late Sir G. Tuthill, M.D.—Foeder Wallieff, a native of Astracan, in Asiatic Russia, had by his first wife 60 children at 27 births; by his second wife, 18 children at 8 births—in all, 87 children. He was alive in 1769, aged 76 years.

WALLS OF BONE.

It was stated by the Hon. Francis Hayles, in his address before the citizens of Taunton, at the consecration of Mount Pleasant, that he had seen in South America many walls in one of their cities, built entirely of human bones; the bones have been examined by persons who could not be mistaken.

YANKEE WIT.

A "notion seller" was offering yankee clocks, finely varnished and coloured, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that hasn't got no looking-glass."

TO BALD PEOPLE.

"French brandy dissolved with sulphate of copper," says a New York paper, "applied once a day, will make your hair grow." To this a Philadelphia paper adds, "And if the hair should grow too abundantly, take a quart of French brandy-a day, with a little sugar and nutmeg, and it will come off again." Thus, brandy for your baldness, and brandy for abundant hair.—*American paper*.

TO BUTCHERS.

The new method lately adopted in parts of this country, of shooting instead of felling bullocks, is found fully to answer, and to possess many advantages, besides the humanity of the plan, over the old method. The pistol is merely put to the centre of the animal's skull and the trigger drawn, when the shot kills it on the instant, without a bruise on the carcass.—*Bury Post*.

AN ADVICE.

There is no cause of misery more fruitful than undertaking expense which we cannot afford. The greatest expense of a poor man is a wife and children. His greatest act of folly, therefore, is to marry before he has the means of supporting a family. The first rule of frugality is, not to give yourself more mouths than you have food to fill.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

WELSH JAWBREAKERS.

Llan was originally the Welsh for a church or a chapel; but, in process of time, *Capel* became the distinguishing denomination of the last. The names of many Welsh places are compounded of these. It would break our Saxon jaws, if not our hearts, to utter them; and, indeed, we find a number of the saints themselves so christened, that we never could have worshipped them by name: such, for instance, as Gilywys Cerinwi, Gwrdwiel Gwryfw, Gwrdwiel, Rhwydrys, Cynfelyn Dwdal, and the like; whom one might honour, but upon whom, in the hour of need, it would be impossible to call; and we must therefore simply say, that there they are invincible to the united efforts of throat, palate, tongue, teeth, and lips.—*The same*.

DANCE OF DEATH.

At Lubek is a most remarkable painting, though by no means of equal value as a work of art, with a similar representation by Holbein at Basle, though formerly falsely ascribed to him—the well-known "Dance of Death," consisting of a number of paintings on panel, which are in a side chapel below the small organ, and in which Death invites men of all ranks and ages, from the pope to the infant in the cradle, to dance; and, at length, forms with them a long chain—the ancient city and environs of Lubek appearing in the background. Formerly, each panel had some Low German rhymes, which, as the people became more enlightened, were unfortunately expunged, in the eighteenth century, to make room for some fine verses in High German, from the able pen of Nathaniel Schlot. Among the former, the words put into the mouth of the infant were distinguished by their touching simplicity:

O Death! what means this strange command:

You bid me dance—I cannot stand.

—*The same*.

ACOUSTICS.

Many opinions of the probability of conveying intelligible sounds to great distances have been at different times entertained. Dick, in his "Christian Philosopher," thinks it highly probable that, by means of acoustic tunnels, a clergyman sitting in his own room in Edinburgh might address a congregation in Moscow, or Dalkeith, or even in Glasgow; and Mr Curtis, to whom the public are indebted for the invention of many valuable and ingenious acoustic instruments, while speaking, in his new work on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear, of his acoustic chain, a model of which is in the Adelaide Street Gallery, states that intelligence might be conveyed by it from St James's to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and from London to the Palace at Windsor. On the same principle, a song sung at the Italian Opera House might be heard at all the other theatres in London. In these days of universal improvement, might not these suggestions be turned to good account?—*The same*.

DIFFERENCE OF ACTIVITY IN THE UNITED STATES

AND CANADA.

Few countries are better provided with maps than the United States, pocket ones being every where to be had, and the walls of hotels covered with them and information regarding stages and routes. We could not obtain a map of Canada, the book-sellers of Niagara informing us that a pocket one of the country never had been published, and almost nothing could be learned about mails and stages, which nearly placed us in the situation of pursuing our route blindfold.—*Shirreff's Tour in North America*.

AGREEABLE READING.

Mr Hogg, in his Life, tells us this anecdote of a man of Edinburg. He had borrowed Bailie's Dictionary from his neighbour, and on returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. "I dinna ken, man," replied he; "I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that I ever saw in my life."

INTELLIGENCE OF THE IRISH.

A notion is pretty general in Great Britain that the Irish people are exceedingly ignorant. But this is by no means the case. Elementary knowledge, or the being able to read, write, and perform ordinary arithmetical operations, are regarded as educating. It is more generally diffused in Ireland than in England. "What in England," says Mr Hichens, in his Report on the Poor Laws, "could the Ordnance Surveyors find persons among the lower class to calculate the sides and areas of their triangles, at a half penny a triangle, as they do in Ireland, and abundance of them? The Irish are honourably distinguished by their desire to possess information, and by the efforts they have made to acquire it. Until within these few years their education was very defective; indeed; and the books that were used in schools were not uncommonly of the very worst description. We believe, however, that these have now nearly disappeared; and the school-books published by the Kildare Street Society, and the other school-books usually met with in Ireland, seem to be not merely equal, but very decidedly superior, to most of those used in schools in Great Britain. It is not the ignorance of the people, but their destitute situation, and the violence so frequently done to their feelings and to their sense of justice, that are the grand sources of the crimes and disorders that have so long disgraced Ireland.—*M^r Cullen's Statistical Account of the British Empire*.

SKILL IN SHOOTING.

Some years ago, a Dutch settler at the Cape of Good Hope, named Von Wyk, performed a feat which strongly recalls the story of William Tell. We give the story in his own words:—"I am now more than two years, since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded; my wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her. I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance barred in such a manner. Although the animal had not seen me, unarméd as I was, escape appeared impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my lion-guns was standing. By a happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in, and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring; there was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be afraid, and fired my piece. The ball passed directly over my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."

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